

REST CURE FOR SOLDIERS.

Kaiser's Men Get Relief From the Trenches by Long Trip.

Traveling across Germany recently, from west to east, I was suddenly aroused by an outbreak of robust cheering and the hasty opening of windows all along the corridor. We had just overtaken a troop train, also going east.

The variety of articles that were produced from nowhere in the course of the next short moments and tossed across into the open doors of the freight cars was astonishing. Cigars, cigarettes, books, sandwiches, newspapers, a business-like looking flask or bottle here and there—all with a careless accompaniment of cheers, greetings and good wishes.

In the wide doorways of the freight cars sat soldiers, with booted legs or thickly stockinged feet swinging into space; further back, inside the car, more men, lying asleep on the heavy bed of straw which covered the flooring, or scrambling to their feet and hastening to join their comrades in the open doorway and to answer to our greetings. All were unshaven, unkempt, muddy, obviously worn and weary, but responding to the calls and cheers of the passing passengers with a vim and enthusiasm too hearty and spontaneous to be other than thoroughly genuine and convincing. It did not need the terse comment of the army doctor at my elbow, "just out of the trenches," to tell me that these were troops who had been, perhaps only the night before, at the actual front and who were now simply changing to another locality of fighting and death—without worrying about the matter in the least.

A half hour later we saw another train of the same kind—but this time we could catch only fleeting glimpses as it passed, for this second train was traveling in the wrong direction. Germany had evidently changed her mind and was now engaged in strengthening the west quite regardless of the necessity of her threatened eastern frontier.

Along in the afternoon we arrived at — (those marvelous and mysterious institutions, the German and British censorships, have their conveniences once in a while. When one forgets the name of a place or how to spell it, it is only necessary to write — and let it go at that, secure in the knowledge that it will be blamed on the censor.) A troop train was standing on the siding. No guns this time, but hundreds of the same type of war worn men in more or less shabby uniforms. I approached an officer and explained that I was a journalist thirsting for information. (It is hardly necessary to say that an inquiring foreigner who asks a German officer or soldier for information on military matters is extremely likely, if he is afterward discovered to be a journalist disguised as a respectable tourist, to get himself into trouble.) I inquired whether there was any objection to my being told why a number of troops were being sent east at the same time that others were being hurried west.

"No objection whatever," he answered. "We are giving all these men a sorely needed rest. They are traveling for health and pleasure. It's a great scheme. Works like a charm." I had to board my train again just then, and I did so with a distinct impression that I had been guilty of an indiscreet inquiry and that it had been adroitly and courteously parried.

A day or two later I came across an article in a Berlin morning paper, commenting on the good results arising from taking tired men and sending them by train across the country from one front to the other, or sending them off, at any rate, for a long trip before calling them into the fighting lines again. The idea was originally suggested, it was stated, by the discovery that men who had been transferred direct from the trenches on one front to the trenches on the other had resumed fighting in noticeably better shape than men who had been given a week or more of idleness in close proximity to their own fighting lines.

It is all very simple and logical when one comes to think of it, and my apologies are hereby tendered to my unknown and temporarily doubted informant of —. The physical strain of fighting for days and nights in the trenches is bad, but the mental strain, the strain on the nerves, is a good deal worse, and the effects thereof, on the whole, more lasting. The man who is relieved and who goes back to the rear for a rest is frequently in no condition to take things easy.

He may not be encamped within the sound of the guns, but he is not permitted to forget the fight for an instant. The wounded are being continually brought back and passed along further to the rear: new troops are going forward to take their places or to occupy other positions; activity and movement are ceaseless. Our wearied trooper is nervous, dissatisfied, restless and often more or less rebellious.

On the other hand, the man who is

TEA IN WAR TIME.

When a Woman Seaved Tea to Hungry Soldiers in France.

"Is there anything I can do for you, again?" I asked. He mounted his horse, looked down at me. Then he gave me one of his rare smiles, says Mildred Aldrich, in the August Atlantic.

"No," he said, "at this moment there is nothing that you can do for me, thank you; but if you could give my boys a cup of tea, I imagine that you would just about save their lives." And nodding to me, he said to the picket, "This lady is kind enough to offer you a cup of tea." Then he rode off, taking the road down the hill to Voisins.

I ran into the house, put the kettle on, ran up the road to call Amelie, and back to the arbor to set the table as well as I could. The whole atmosphere was changed. I was going to be useful.

I had no idea how many men I was going to feed. I had seen only three. To this day I don't know how many I did feed. They came and came and came. It reminded me of hens running toward a place where another hen has found something good. It did not take me many minutes to discover that these men needed something more substantial than tea. Luckily I had brought back from Paris an emergency stock of things like biscuit, dry cakes, jam and so forth, for even before our shops were closed there was mighty little in them. For an hour and a half I brewed pot after pot of tea, opened jar after jar of jam and jelly, and tin after tin of biscuit and cakes, and although it was hardly hearty fodder for men, they put it down with a relish. I have seen hungry men, but never anything so hungry as these boys.

THE COLUMBINE.

Some Reasons Why it Should Be Made the National Flower.

In mentioning the columbine the thought flashes across my mind that it would be most fitting owing to the United States' attitude towards peace to again recommend the adoption of this flower as the national flower, writes Mrs. Alex Caldwell, in Southern Woman's Magazine. Its generic name, aquilegia, from the Latin equila, an eagle, was suggested by the curved spurs of the flowers, which resemble the talons of an eagle. Columbine, or Columbia, was given to it because in certain positions can be discerned a ring of doves, significant of peace. Another conceit is that in the front view of the flower can be seen a five-pointed star, and in the long spurs we have the horn of plenty.

It can be found throughout the whole country and blossoms in our national colors, red, white and blue.

Prizes Sought by Germany.

Poland was formerly a kingdom. The first partition between Russia, Austria and Prussia occurred in 1772: final partition in 1795. Russian Poland was a kingdom under the Russian empire in 1815. There were revolutions against Russia in 1830, 1846, 1863. The kingdom ceased to exist in 1864. Area 49,000 square miles. Agriculture and cattle breeding chief pursuits. Of the land, 55 per cent. is arable. Extensive forests, great mineral wealth.

Warsaw is 387 miles east of Berlin and 695 miles southwest of Petrograd. Population has grown from 161,000 in 1860, to 276,000 in 1872; 436,000 in 1887; 756,000 in 1901, and 872,478 in 1910. Of those, one-third are Jews and 23,000 are Germans.

Warsaw has six great trunk lines of railway and is one of the chief commercial cities of Europe. It is a great market center and has two annual fairs—wool and hops—that have a great reputation. In addition, to its great railway connections, Warsaw is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Vistula, which, with its tributaries, taps a great section of the east.

Riga is second to Petrograd as a port on the Baltic. Population 380,000. The port freezes 127 days out of the year, but this is a most important point strategically.

Warsaw is nearly as large as Baltimore and New Orleans combined, and there are only three cities in the United States larger than the Polish capital, which is a seat of learning, art, music, science and manufactures as well as of agriculture.

put on a train and shipped off far away from the fighting lines has comparatively nothing to worry about. He travels through his own country, he meets and talks with people who are not weighted down by the anxiety for the morrow or sobered and depressed by the constant imminence of sudden death, he is cheered and fêted and made much of all along the line, and is made to feel what he has done and is doing is appreciated.—From the New York Times.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

How to Tell When it is Going to Rain.

In the August Woman's Home Companion, Rollin Lynde Hartt writes a highly entertaining and exceedingly practical article entitled "Let's Talk About the Weather." He tells how to guard against lightning, how to treat people who have been struck by lightning, how to tell when it is going to rain, and so on. On the subject of predicting rain he writes in part as follows:

"There are plenty of soundly scientific weather signs that are right before our eyes and vouched for by the best meteorologists. For instance, the 'ring around the moon,' which is produced by a thin filmy cloud made up of minute particles of ice—a state of things not built to last. Either some unlooked for commotion will put a stop to it in a different manner or it will pour 'cats and dogs' within three days at most. In 86 cases out of a hundred, the rule holds good. A still better sign is the 'ring around the sun.'"

"This is science, pure and simple, and so is the old maxim: 'The farther the sight, the nearer the rain.' It is not pessimism that makes people on the coast predict a downpour when they can pick out the separate houses on a far-away island, or people in mountainous regions call it 'too good to last,' when a distant peak comes into view. They are shrewd meteorologists in making these predictions, and also in declaring that sounds carry better when a rain storm is brewing.

"Of all nice, convincing weather signs, however, a 'sickening sky' is pretty nearly the most reliable. When the deep warm grows paler, and then whitish, and your spirits drop, and shadows fray at the edges and disappear, then you have a sickening sky. Rain is not being brought up ready-made from afar, it is being manufactured directly overhead.

"The color of the sky, then, is a fairly trustworthy sign in and of itself, and so is the color of the clouds. Intensely white clouds against an intensely blue sky mean bright weather ahead. Grayish clouds on a lightish blue foretell rain."

Fine Looking Hen But Does Not Lay.

In the poultry raising department of the current issue of Farm and Fireside appears an account of a drone hen. This hen looks fine but she is no use as an egg-producer. Following are some facts about her:

"This hen laid only 78 eggs during a full year after her first egg."

"Her full sister laid 203 eggs in her pullet year, beginning when four months and five days old. Several other sisters did nearly as well."

"Her mother has a record of 210 eggs, and her father is fully as well bred for heavy egg-production qualities."

"This drone hen was hatched March 14, 1913, and when mature weighed 7 pounds and 3 ounces. She is normal in every way except she refuses to lay well."

"Her first egg was laid December 17, 1913, when nine months old. She began to molt the following October, and laid no more until the spring of 1914."

The War in Palestine.

Mount Carmel, whose lower slopes have already been under French shell fire, is heavily entrenched by the Turks, although the mountain is sacred alike to Christian and Moslem, according to an Associated Press dispatch. On the lower slopes is situated the town of Haifa. The German consulate in the town was bombarded by the French in retaliation for the Germans' desecrating the graves of the soldiers of Napoleon.

Carmel is a hill, or rather a group of hills, bounded on two sides by the Mediterranean and overlooking the plain of Kishon. Above the town stands the famous Carmelite monastery. On the summit of the mountain, the German colony of Haifa, which came there 60 years ago to await the second coming of Christ, has erected a monument to commemorate the visit of the kaiser.

Haifa is an important point, as it is the terminus of a branch of railway tapping the Hedjaz line, which crosses the desert regions between Damascus and Medina. This railway, spanning the Jordan river, is used by the Turks to transport Arab troops.

A Minority Report.

A small, meek country negro, who had always lived on one place near Frankfort, Ky., married a big domineering woman, and very soon afterward moved into town, where the keeper of the local bar met him in the street.

"Hello, Gabe," he said, "what made you move to town? I thought you liked country life."

"Well, Mistah Franklin," explained Gabe, "I uster lak de country. But mah wife, she didn't lak it, and I've done got so dat when she don't lak a thing I jest nacheilly hates it."—Saturday Evening Post.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS AND DEBTORS.

All persons having claims against the estate of Annie Carter, deceased, will file the same with the undersigned, duly itemized and verified, and all persons indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.

JOHN E. CARTER,
Administrator of the estate of Annie Carter, deceased.
Ehrhardt, S. C., July 28th, 1915.

NOTICE OF DISCHARGE.

To all and singular the kindred and creditors of Elisha Morris, Sr., deceased:

Take notice: That the undersigned will apply to the judge of probate for Bamberg County, at his office, Bamberg, S. C., on the 31st day of August, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., for an order of discharge as Executors of the Will of the Elisha Morris, Sr., deceased.

RICHARD MORRIS,
FRANK JOYNER,
Executors of the Will of Elisha Morris, Sr.
July 28th, 1915.

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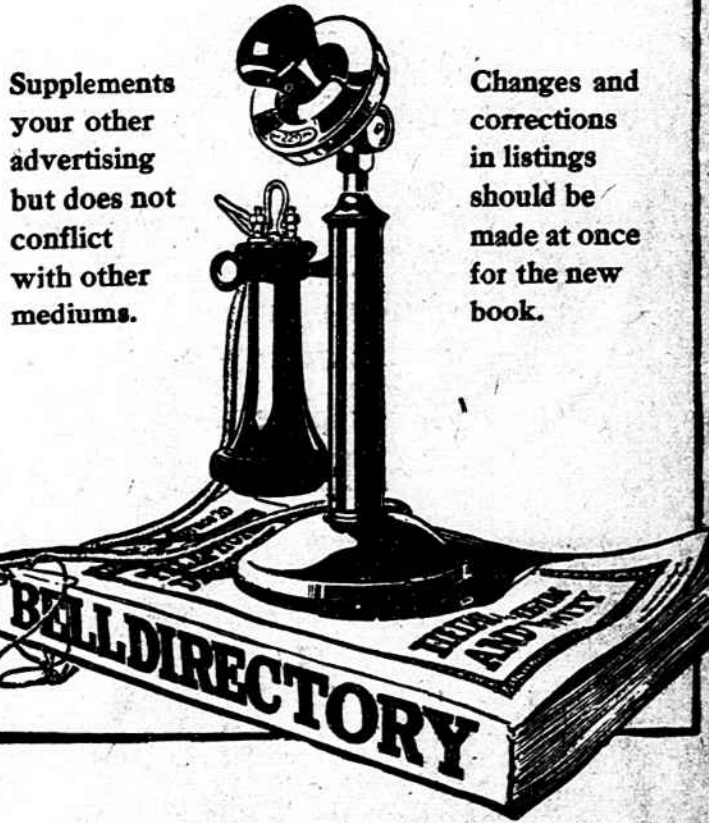
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